#8 pg 7

2·19·73 p.m. Mon.
(Isolation still)
-Harris County Jail-

Dear Pal,

By now I presume the postman knows your house well and I plan on keeping him coming there after a while haven't you noticed that by now. The cusine is improving somewhat, at least enough to pass minimum state board of health requirements. They still serve "shit on a shingle" occassionally and you can still get your tongue and down creviated by our "hot" friend in the kitchen though. I hope Scott gets his ass up here tomorrow or sometime soon as I am bitterly dying to know what new developements are keeping me from freedom. I'm also planning on sending plea #9 to my mother to mail me my underwear. The head matron promised me it wouldn't be considered contraband like the toothbrush a friend tried to mail me. There are two of us back here in isolation now. A girl they call "sneaky Pee" is right down the hall in another cell. So I now have someone to yell to, even though we had a slight communication problem at 1st as I had to learn to "Jive talk". (It's worse than swahili.) I heard them call my name 3 times in Tank 1 for mail call Thurs. Fri. & Sat. but didn't get any of it. Just hope all it was was more "hate" mail from lower nothing important like a letter from you. So far I've still only recieved your 1st letter to me here. I am supposed to be getting ALL my mail, commissary orders & visits from my attorney. If everybody keeps writting to me, I'm bound to get some of it. Keep buying stamps. Hard as my morale is starting to drop. My sense of hearing has really become intensified while being isolated. I can now hear other things between all the loud obscenities and even when the bad psychos scream KILL! kill! kill! along

(OVER)

With other things which is constant around here, I've discovered that the "oatmeal" here makes the best glue in the world. I used some of it to hang the calendar I made up on the wall, I literly swear that if they ever want it removed, they'll have to remove the entire steel wall to do it. I'm not exaggerating and whenever I hear that old saying "it'll stick to your innards", I'll always remember breakfast here. I wrote a shrink friend of mine back home and asked him if his life insurance policy was paid up to please go + try to quiet down my parents a little. I don't think he did though, even though I promised to personally make him a purple heart. Maybe he did instead what I'm beginning to think Mr. Scott did - Left the country. Even if they're both hiding under the smallest rock they could find in Peking - they could send me a letter damnit. The fact that I haven't received any recent "hate" mail from home and things seem quiet is what scares me to death. Before this lull, I sent my parents a four page letter naming reasons they were mentally disturbed (not saying they were completely psychotic or crazy as shit either) + requesting once more that they at least consider treatment or at least not to sign their "hate" mail - Love mother. That was when I included plea #7 to send me my underwear also. When the "hate" mail was the ultimate, supreme worst, sometimes a small money order would be included with it. So I can order basic basic necessities like toothpaste + cigarettes occasionally from commissary here. They still think I sell heroin in the jail here too. I have my bond money out there on the books + don't plan to delve into it for anything either. I don't know what all or kind of holds they got stuck on me to keep me from bonding about to hell away from out of here. Scott won't tell me anything except that we need lots of money to get me out of here as he looks at me sympathetically in the lawyer's booth. I know he'd start

[3] crying or maybe have a cardiac arrest right there on the spot if I told him the little story of how my ex-parents spent $15,000 to cover up my case even more. Just think, Harold, they are earning more all the time while I sit here and moan inwardly. They are getting all kinds of info information from my cousin's husband, to do it to me. I hardly know the bastard, a lawyer who has been "on the take" ever since he first learned to spell the word. He must be having a ball out of all this, and his lawyer friends here in Houston will probably be able to retire after all this is over here. I know all about it, names, dates - the whole bit. I'm not telling Scott about how bad the family situation is because I'm sure he'd withdraw in search and probably entrust Kip Kenya just getting away from me. You would at least write to me while I go down - I hope. You'd love the Roth friend I used to have in New Orleans. Sometimes though, he'd get carried away telling people that when comparing my Father with the John Birch Society that the Birchers would look like the Mensheik. That was long before all out total warfare got declared against me. I've been thinking about just standing in the corner to Hay have here + Plucking it and going GLUE! GLUE! GLUE!. Maybe though I'll get a letter tomorrow from Scott (postcards are considered by the suspicious or somebody and will thus hold off a while longer. Let me know how many letters you are getting from me. This is no. 8. Let me know if you have missed any. O.K.? And pray, baby, PRAY your little head out. That is just what I'm still doing even though both of my parents consider me an atheist because I still refuse to accept Catholicism.

★ Your mom as always
- Diane -

DIANE T. TURNER
4TH Floor (ISOL)
P. O. BOX 24
HOUSTON, TX. 77001

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE, TX 770
PM
20 FEB
1973

8c
U.S. Postage

HAROLD WEISBERG
ROUTE #8
FREDERICK,
MARYLAND, 21701

#8 pg 1

2.19.73 p.m. Mon.
(Isolation still)
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✡ Your mezuzah always
- Dave -